

The Yolo Democrat

VOL. VI.

WOODLAND, YOLO COUNTY, CALIFORNIA: FRIDAY, AUGUST 1, 1873.

NO. 34.

The Yolo Democrat.

Published every Friday morning, by
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Editor and Proprietor.

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TERMS—IN ADVANCE:
One copy, one year, \$4.00
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Three months, 1.00

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Each subsequent insertion, 1.00
A liberal discount made from above rates to quarterly or yearly advertisers.
Legal advertising at rates established by law.
Star notices in the local department, ten cents a line for the first day, and five cents for each subsequent day.
All transient advertisements must be paid for in advance.

L. MACHEFERT,
WATCHMAKER
AND
JEWELER.

Now Sole Proprietor of the Jewelry business of

RUGGLES & MACHEFERT,

Main Street, Woodland.

Has the Largest Assortment of

Clocks, Gents' and Ladies' Gold

Watches, American and Swiss

Silver Watches, Gold Chains,

Rings, Pins, Bracelets, Ear-

ings, etc.

Silver and Silver-plated Ware,

Knives, Pistols, Guns, Ammunition,

Toys and Fancy Goods,

AND IS THE—

Agent in Woodland for the

Florence Sewing Machine.

P. S.—All Watch and Jewelry Repairs guaranteed satisfactory. my16-3m

WATCHES, CLOCKS,

JEWELRY,

AND FANCY GOODS,

SCHOOL BOOKS, MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS,

Stationery and Musical Instru-

ments, Etc.

AT THE ESTABLISHMENT OF

G. W. GREENE,

MAIN STREET,

Nearly opposite the Capital Hotel, Woodland,

is the place to find an assortment in the above

line. An inspection of my stock is respect-

fully requested.

Besides a large stock of Watches, Clocks,

Gold, Silver and Plated Ware, Musical In-

struments, Lamps, Toys and Fancy Goods, I

have also the "Full" School Catalogue and Text

Books required; also Religious and Miscella-

neous Works, Maps, Books, etc.

Watches, Clocks and Jewelry repaired in a

satisfactory manner and on short notice.

AGENCY OF THE

Wheeler & Wilson Sewing

Machine.

my16-3m

CAPITAL HOTEL,

A. S. HOUSE, Proprietor,

Cor. Main and First streets,

WOODLAND,

YOLO COUNTY, CALIFORNIA.

A. S. HOUSE, has taken the Capital Hotel,

on his own plan, the lease of Messrs. Eaton

& Barry having expired, and will in future

give his entire attention to its management,

and it is his determination that it shall be

kept in first-class style. The house has been

Renova ed Throughout.

And being a three-story brick building affords

ample accommodations for a large number of

transient guests, as well as regular boarders.

The rooms are well ventilated, on suit or

single well furnished and clean.

The Table will be supplied with the best the

market affords. Board by the day or week at

reasonable rates.

Free list to and from the railroad on the

arrival of trains. my20-3m

BROOKLYN HOTEL,

BUSH STREET,

BETWEEN MONTGOMERY AND SANMONE,

Adjoining the New Mercantile Library,

SAN FRANCISCO.

TERMS: \$2 PER DAY.

KELLY & ANDREWS,

PROPRIETORS.

The Coach, plainly marked "Brooklyn

Hotel," will be at the Railroad Depot and

Steamboat Landings, to convey guests to the

Hotel, free of charge. my20-3m

CRAFT HOTEL,

MAIN STREET, WOODLAND,

FRANK FRY, Proprietor.

Everything new and modern in

style. The Table will be supplied with the

best the market affords. Meals will be

served with the best and the house kept

on the European Plan.

Mr. Fry, who is retained by the

proprietor, as a successful and popular caterer

to the public, will give entire satisfaction

to all who favor the Craft Hotel with their

patronage.

Terms Reasonable.

Free conveyance to and from the cars.

EXCHANGE HOTEL!

This well-known house, formerly

known as the Hunter House, has been re-opened

by

O. B. WESTCOTT,

Who will keep it as a First-Class Hotel, per-

sonally superintending its management.

The public can be accommodated with Board

and Lodging by the day or week, at reason-

able rates.

The house has been thoroughly re-

novated throughout, and furnished with the

best the market affords.

O. B. WESTCOTT, Proprietor.

Woodland, July 20th, 1873. my18-3m

WM. TELL RESTAURANT

AND

LODGING HOUSE.

Board and Lodging \$5 per week. Single

rooms 50 cents per night.

Every attention will be paid to the patrons

of this House, and the cooking will be under

the immediate supervision of the proprietor.

Best French and California Wines,

Cigars, etc., etc.

HENRY RICKER.

my20-3m

Don't Read This!

If you do you will be sure to go to the store

JACOBS, MEYERSON & CO.,

Spending Your Last Dollar

In buying those

CHEAP GOODS

We are selling so rapidly

To Satisfy Our Creditors.

We must raise

TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS

IN NINETY DAYS!

And in order to do it we will sell our Goods

LESS THAN SAN FRANCISCO PRICES

FOR CASH ONLY!

WE HAVE A FULL ASSORTMENT OF

Gros Grain Silks,

Japanese Silks,

French Poplins,

Grenadines,

Lawnes,

Crape Pique,

Plain Pique,

JAPANESE POPLINS

AND—

CHINESE GRASS CLOTH!

A Splendid Assortment of

Ladies' and Misses' Hosiery

AND—

UNDERWEAR!

OUR CLOTHING

AND—

Gents' Furnishing Goods

Departments contain the Most Fashionable

and Complete Assortment in town.

A Full Stock of

DOMESTIC GOODS!

BOOTS AND SHOES, HATS AND CAPS,

ETC., ETC.

All persons indebted to us are respect-

fully requested to call and settle their ac-

counts without delay.

my20-3m **JACOBS, MEYERSON & CO.**

SAN FRANCISCO

BOOT and SHOE

STORE!

The undersigned have just

opened the store formerly

occupied by Mr. S. H. MYN,

with a fine and well-selected

stock of

BOOTS AND SHOES

AND—

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS!

Which they sell at the most reasonable

prices.

BOOTS MADE TO ORDER!

And Repairing Neatly Done at the Lowest

San Francisco Prices.

CALL AND TRY THEM!

L. KAMINSKY & Co.,

my20-3m **WOODLAND, YOLO CO.**

Announcement to the Public!

A. J. WELLS, J. SOYER, C. L. BEACH,

BEACH, SOYER & COMPANY,

(SUCCESSORS TO ELLIOTT BROS.)

Having leased the building known as

the Elliotts Garage and Wagon Manufac-

tory, we will continue the business in all its

branches, including

CARRIAGE AND WAGON-MAKING,

BLACKSMITHING,

HORSESHOEING AND GENERAL JOBBING!

The members of this new firm are all old

hands at the business, and understand thor-

oughly every department. Mr. SOYER has

been for several years past in the

same line at Kuleba Landing, and Mr.

BEACH is well-known as an experienced

blacksmith in Woodland, while

Mr. WELLS is a good mechanic recently

from the East.

A complete stock of New Materials has been

procured, selected with great care, especially

for this market.

We respectfully invite the patronage of the

public, and work as represented, and

shall charge only reasonable prices.

We are Agents for the Bain Wagons, the

World Motor and the Hill Gang Row, a

supply of which will be kept on hand. Call

and leave your orders.

BEACH, SOYER & CO.

WOODLAND, May 1st, 1873. my20-3m

Bynum & Strong,

COR. ODD FELLOWS BUILDING,
Main St., Woodland.

Dealers in all kinds of

DRUGS,

MEDICINES,

TOILET AND

FANCY ARTICLES.

PURE WINES AND LIQUORS,

For Medicinal Purposes.

—AND—

EVERYTHING USUALLY FOUND IN A

FIRST-CLASS DRUG STORE!

—ALSO—

A Large Stock of Stationery,

CONSISTING OF—

LEGAL BLANKS OF ALL KINDS

BLANK BOOKS, DIARIES,

MEMORANDUMS,

ETC., ETC.

A Fine Stock

—OF—

TOBACCO AND CIGARS

CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

Prescriptions Carefully

AND ACCURATELY

Compounded—Day or Night—

—BY A—

THOROUGHLY COMPETENT DRUGGIST.

Nothing but the Purest Medicines Used.

my18-3m

YOLO COUNTY

CLOTHING EMPORIUM,

READ & WELCH, Proprietors.

In this establishment can be found anything

under the head of

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS

—INCLUDING—

BOOTS, SHOES

HATS, CAPS,

Trunks, Valises, Knives,

POCKET BOOKS, COMBS.

And a list of

OTHER ARTICLES TOO NUMEROUS TO

MENTION.

P. S.—Call for the best genuine home-made

BUCK GLOVES!

my20

SOMETHING NEW!

NEW STORE! NEW GOODS!

MAIN STREET, OPPOSITE THE COLLEGE,

Woodland, Yolo County.

ADOLPH KIERSKI,

After thirty years' experience in the Book

Stationery and Fancy Goods business, takes

the method of informing the residents of

Woodland and vicinity that he has opened an

establishment at the above named place,

where can be found a full assortment of

CANDIES, of all descriptions,

CIGARS AND TOBACCO,

BOOKS,

Both Blank, Miscellaneous, Standard and

Light, Home-

Toys and Fancy Goods,

—AND—

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS,

AT SAN FRANCISCO PRICES.

Notice to Parents:

SCHOOL BOOKS

OF ALL KINDS.

Such as are used in the Colleges and Public

Schools, to be had at the

Lowest San Francisco Prices.

Please Call and Examine Before

THE YOLO FARMER.

SUPPLEMENT

VOL. 6.

WOODLAND, YOLO CO., CAL., FRIDAY, AUGUST 1, 1873.

NO. 37.

What of That?

Tired! Well, and what of that? Did I fancy life spent on beds of ease, and the rest of the world to be a mere show, come, you see, I work, while it is called to-day, toward, as for the way!

Lonely! And what of that? Some must be lonely, 'tis not given to all To feel a heart responsive and full, To blend another life into its own, Work may be done in loneliness; work on!

Dark! Well, and what of that? Did I fancy life a sun would never set? Don't fear to lose the way! Take courage yet, learn to walk by faith and not by sight, Thy steps will guide you, and be guided right.

Hard! Well, and what of that? Did I fancy life a summer holiday, With lessons none to learn, and naught but play? Go, get thee to thy work, and not to idleness, It must be learned; learn it, then, patiently.

Once a Coward.

It was one evening when we had come in from shooting the deer, that I remembered that I had been so long in the library window at the old Hall gleamed out to welcome us, making a ready coat on the wet gravel. Didn't look cozy, too, after a long time of being in the library window, but when, as now, bringing the full light of its moist blue eyes and flushed smiles to bear on the fellow-cowards, utterly irresistible.

My cousin Helen's face! It beamed on us, a lovely picture framed in the dark, heavily carved doorway, a bright glowing face set against a bright glowing background, like the portrait of some medieval saint; a glorious face always, but when, as now, bringing the full light of its moist blue eyes and flushed smiles to bear on the fellow-cowards, utterly irresistible.

One of our party, Ducie of Devonshire, did not attempt to resist it. So completely, indeed, had that gentleman fallen under my cousin's yoke that I had expected to hear that, out of sheer gratitude for his worship, the young lady had promised to return him the like honor, and obedience, which we find mentioned in the Common Prayer Book, nor would the tidings have displeased me. I don't know how it would have been if I had wished to marry Helen's girl; but when a fellow has got a dear little girl of his own waiting for him he can afford to be magnanimous about his cousin.

Deus, Ducie was one of my dearest friends; one of those men who manage to carry away every heart, male and female; a sort of Saxon Apollo.

He turned into the library at once, saying something to Helen, as he passed by, which made the flush deepening in her cheeks; and then, as if he had been called, he went upstairs to dress. He was too great a dandy to present himself to the fair sex under the disadvantages of rumpled locks and much hair.

Looking at Ducie, I fancied that the said disadvantages made him rather more handsome than usual. I wonder if he knew it. The girls did, for they accepted most amiably his apologies for our intrusion in each other's (Tom Jackson said "each other's") and declared that we might have a half hour to wait in front of the fire before going up to dress for dinner.

I fancy it was Ducie's absence which turned the conversation on him. Jackson never could bear his cousin's name, adding, like the broad, outspoken Yorkshireman, he was, that the fellow had no more courage than a rabbit; "actually winced every time a gun went off near him."

One of the girls, rather objected to this; but Mary Jackson took her brother's part, and gave us an amusing instance of Ducie's want of courage in some mountain adventure that he had enjoyed together. She made us all laugh by the way she told it; and it was then Helen exclaimed, with a scornful curl of her pretty lip.

"I am sorry you told us, I never liked Captain Devenaux, but I detest a coward."

Girls, when of impetuous dispositions, sometimes use much stronger expressions than they have any idea of. The bitter word, uttered, flung like a shot into the middle of the group by a girl, produced a momentary silence, and I began to feel annoyed with my cousin for forgetting that Ducie was my guest, and to be polite to him was my duty.

"To my amiable surprise," Ducie saved me this trouble by taking the word to his own hands, and bringing up the spirited under with a jerk. He had been leaning against the mantel piece, gazing down at her with a sort of dreamy admiration in his dark eyes; but now he straightened himself as suddenly as if he had been struck, and spoke in a dry, hard, and stern voice, which had been quite new to his beautiful young hostess.

"Do you think it is a fair term to apply to the gentleman in question, Miss Curtis?"

Helen started. She was not used to rebukes from her lovers, and instantly resented this one by a dry and hard answer.

"After what Miss Jackson has just told us, Mr. Ducie, I do."

"Then I think you are very wrong, if you will allow me to say so."

"You do not wait to be allowed—Helen began, laughing; then flushed up and retorted, like a regular woman, into a personal appeal. "But I could hardly make allowance even for you, Mr. Ducie, whom we know to be a brave man, if you did not hate cowards at least as much as I do."

"I do hate cowards," he answered, with an unwonted emphasis, which struck us all. "So much so, that I do not like even to hear the word applied to a man who probably does not deserve it."

"But it is done?"

"You have no proof that Captain Devenaux does?"

she sat erect in her low chair, her eyebrows raised, her lips curved in a beautiful smile. Ducie, white as death, looked at her steadily, his hands clinched behind his back, but made no reply. I thought of the *Taming of the Shrew*, and wondered whether Ducie was deciding with Hortensio.

"Kindness in woman, not their beauty's looks, shall win my love," Mary Jackson, whose giddy tongue had provoked the quarrel, rose uncomfortably, saying it must be time to dress, and hurried away, Tom Jackson and his pretty wife following.

Then, to my great joy, Helen seeing herself alone, rose to depart likewise, and was turning to the door when Ducie stopped her.

"One word," he said, speaking with a sort of forced calmness. "Putting this anecdotal story of Miss Jackson's on one side, would you call a man a coward because his courage had failed him signally in one solitary instance?"

I bit my lip. I saw Helen was on her mettle, and, indeed, her answer proved me right.

"Decidedly I should. I judge a man's heart by what he does, not by what he says; and the more sudden the call, the more surely he acts in accordance to his natural instinct. One greater than you, or I said to his disciples, 'By their fruits ye shall know them,' and I—when I see a man do a cowardly act—I know he is a coward at heart. You are making yourself special plainer in a very bad cause, Mr. Ducie. May I let you drop the subject? You forget, drawing up her head like an offended queen, 'that my father died before Lucknow, and therefore it is not likely that his daughter should have any sympathy for a coward.'"

"I am sorry for it," he said, gravely. "I should have thought the fact carried its own punishment heavily enough without this. Will you please wait a minute yet to the dressing hall. May I tax your patience for half that time while I tell you a story?"

"Certainly," she said, and sat down again with a little air of offended surprise.

I made a movement to go, observing that I always knew Ducie was an uncommonly brave fellow, but now I had a higher opinion than ever of his courage, since I saw him venture to brave so very fiery a young lady as my cousin.

She smiled and blushed a little at this, dropping her face like a lovely pink lily. He only made a gesture to stay me, and said, "I would rather you remained, Fred. You compliment me by calling me a brave fellow, Miss Curtis, but I am not a brave fellow."

Miss Curtis paid me similar compliments just now. "But I will tell you my story, and then you shall tell me what you would call the hero, and whether you could have any kind feelings for such a person."

He spoke to me, but his eyes were on Helen; and I saw her white and flush as if some one had threatened her with a blow. Like a fool I never guessed the reason why.

"Two years ago," Ducie said, "a friend of mine and his servant were traveling in South America. The former went abroad for his health—not that he was ill when the anecdote I am going to tell you took place. You see, I was perfectly well; and he took his servant with him because the lad was so attached to him, such a faithful, true-hearted fellow that he could not make up his mind to leave him behind. It was a scorching hot weather, and the best way to travel in a country, which lies on the southern border of Brazil, and my friend used to go every morning to bathe at the Playa Ramirez, a large unsheltered bay about a mile and a half from the town. A beautiful stretch of sand, and a beautiful bathing place in the neighborhood, and yet a very dangerous one, for if you went outside a certain number of yards you were liable to get entangled in one of two or three conflicting currents, which in a dead calm you could see curling round about the heads of the bathers, like serpents, but which, if they caught you in their strong embrace, would assuredly carry you out into the Atlantic, unless you happened to be a strong and clever swimmer."

"Well, one morning my friend and John Barton, his servant, went to bathe as usual about seven o'clock—a late hour in the middle of the little group by a girl, produced a momentary silence, and I began to feel annoyed with my cousin for forgetting that Ducie was my guest, and to be polite to him was my duty."

"To my amiable surprise," Ducie saved me this trouble by taking the word to his own hands, and bringing up the spirited under with a jerk. He had been leaning against the mantel piece, gazing down at her with a sort of dreamy admiration in his dark eyes; but now he straightened himself as suddenly as if he had been struck, and spoke in a dry, hard, and stern voice, which had been quite new to his beautiful young hostess."

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"But it is done?"

"You have no proof that Captain Devenaux does?"

"Not Mary's story? Oh, Mr. Ducie," (getting angry again, and her blue eyes flashing indignantly,) "can you not bring me to look at this thing with simple indifference? The word may be ugly, the thing is much uglier; and not even your eloquence (very scornfully) could make regard a coward with any feelings but pity and contempt."

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"Not Mary's story? Oh, Mr. Ducie," (getting angry again, and her blue eyes flashing indignantly,) "can you not bring me to look at this thing with simple indifference? The word may be ugly, the thing is much uglier; and not even your eloquence (very scornfully) could make regard a coward with any feelings but pity and contempt."

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"Kindness in woman, not their beauty's looks, shall win my love," Mary Jackson, whose giddy tongue had provoked the quarrel, rose uncomfortably, saying it must be time to dress, and hurried away, Tom Jackson and his pretty wife following.

Then, to my great joy, Helen seeing herself alone, rose to depart likewise, and was turning to the door when Ducie stopped her.

"One word," he said, speaking with a sort of forced calmness. "Putting this anecdotal story of Miss Jackson's on one side, would you call a man a coward because his courage had failed him signally in one solitary instance?"

I bit my lip. I saw Helen was on her mettle, and, indeed, her answer proved me right.

"Decidedly I should. I judge a man's heart by what he does, not by what he says; and the more sudden the call, the more surely he acts in accordance to his natural instinct. One greater than you, or I said to his disciples, 'By their fruits ye shall know them,' and I—when I see a man do a cowardly act—I know he is a coward at heart. You are making yourself special plainer in a very bad cause, Mr. Ducie. May I let you drop the subject? You forget, drawing up her head like an offended queen, 'that my father died before Lucknow, and therefore it is not likely that his daughter should have any sympathy for a coward.'"

"I am sorry for it," he said, gravely. "I should have thought the fact carried its own punishment heavily enough without this. Will you please wait a minute yet to the dressing hall. May I tax your patience for half that time while I tell you a story?"

"Certainly," she said, and sat down again with a little air of offended surprise.

I made a movement to go, observing that I always knew Ducie was an uncommonly brave fellow, but now I had a higher opinion than ever of his courage, since I saw him venture to brave so very fiery a young lady as my cousin.

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